LL a mistake. The Preface is a misnomer—a bull. It pretends to be written before the work—it is, in reality, as all authors know, written after the work is done. It is a literary back door which has been witched around in front, and got the door-plate of the interior THOMPSON nailed to it by mistake. A work with a Preface is a literary PADDY-from-Cork's coat, which unbuttons behind.

The true use of the Preface is glorification over the past. In the Preface we meditate on the big thing we've done—and drink the memory of that big thing with a pleasant nutty flavor on our smacked lips, as of old brown sherry. We sit in the Preface like a good boy on a high chair, just before bed-time, and invite pats on the head for having been amiable all day. The Preface is nothing whatever but a sermon on than delightful text out of Miss JANE TAYLOR'S Pharisaism adapted to Infant minds :

"How pleasant is Saturday night
When we've tried all the week to be good!"

Consistently with this acknowledgment—glory to VANITY FAIR! Let every soul which knoweth the value of hearty laughter, or quiet smiles, respond Glory! Glory! Shout every man who needeth not to have good jokes explained to him! Father Time himself shouts Glory—for lo, that old fellow who has certainly lived long enough to know what is good, pays us the distinguished compliment of uncorking his newest year on the birthday of our Third Volume.

Years, you see, are unlike Wine in this respect, that the freshest is always the best. And Time may well do us the honor of setting forth his finest vintage at our inauguration party. We have improved the old man—he has grown better for us since the last holidays. We have crowned his white poll with the first perennial garland which was ever plucked from the boughs of American wit. The blossoms with which a year ago we decked the sexmilliarian's brow have outlasted the summer—they are fresh and fragrant still!

"*Qui vive un ano,*" say the Andalusians, "*puede viver por siempre,*"—"Live a year, and you can live forever." There be those who have doubted the possibility of either of these terms of existence for a journal undertaking America's laughing censorship. We have demonstrated the one possibility. We are demonstrating the other.

And why is it impossible in America to be everlastingly funny? Our people all stand on a level, say the doubters—we have no privileged higher classes to laugh at. Our rulers are of home-manufacture—if they show long ears, we hold the power of abasing those elegant appendages to the shades of private life so soon that we have no time to joke at them.

But look! We are *all* rulers. We enjoy the daily possibility of laughing at Kings. We are all kings—we laugh at ourselves. A man will laugh at himself when he will permit nobody else to laugh at him. How many a TOODLES has come home from some absurd bargain of his own to snicker at his simple-mindedness in the privacy of his own coat-sleeves and closet—to ridicule those absurd stocks which have burnt his fingers, more pungently than he would have allowed himself to satirize that other purchase in the hosiery line—Mrs. TOODLE'S gloves which froze his thumbs! To do with yourself what you please—that is the great franchise of American liberty. To laugh at yourself—that is the highest franchise of all franchises!

And as to the people who represent us. We know they stay above the political horizon but a short while. We scarcely laugh at our representatives before laughter changes to scorn, and with the breath of a vote, they are dissolved away into obscurity. But this is a quick nation. If heretofore it has not laughed as quick as it has voted, that has been because VANITY FAIR was not yet risen to show it the way. Henceforth we will cure the bad influences of place and power, not by the surgeon's knife which cuts off the limb of government, but by the doctor's-plaster which cures it. We will laugh our officers into common sense.

What have we not done already? Since the year 1860 rose upon us, we have carried health into every secret spring of governmental action. Our principle is that well known dogma of the Doctors—"before taken to be well shaken"—and we would not have any man taken for a ruler before it had been discovered whether he could be shaken by the jokes of VANITY FAIR. That should be a Constitutional condition of nomination. An Alderman should be obliged to shake off all his superfluous obesity by a perusal of our remarks on the Old Red

Sandstone. No man should be President or Writer for the *Ledger*, before he has proved his ability to be agitated by our remarks upon the political and literary qualifications of J. B. But as yet we cannot introduce this principle into action. The Real is always behind the Ideal. We have therefore been obliged to content ourselves with taking the governmental article ready-made, and convulsing it into shape by the omnipotent power of inextinguishable laughter.

We have made Boole tell what he paid for those kid-gloves. Alexander has written several letters to thank us. So has Bajou. So has Jouvin. All these architects of delicious handcovering have been dying for the recipe which originated those miracles of yellow, and the statement of that exact pecuniary outlay which rendered them possible. The public have shared in that anxiety. And now the Public has the Items! We spell that word with a large I, because the Public's big Eye ought to rest on them. When and Where are mentioned by Philosophers to be the primal conditions of existence. The Japanese swindle was said to be a great Wen on our municipal body politic. We know how much our Japanese Ware cost us.

Through Vanity Fair, the Gridiron-Railroad has been brought to naught. On that Gridiron a cutlet was smoking. It was the Public Weal. We took off the gridiron. We saved the Public Weal at the same time.

We cannot pretend to have made Cabinet Ministers into Saints. But we have laughed the bunglers away. We have made Cass acknowledge the Corn. He sneaked away, and left the Treasury to Schell in New York. We have driven Floyd to Bailey. And though it is that Young Bailey known as Goddard in Washington—let it be remembered that this is a young country—and he would have gone to the Old Bailey in London. As for Cass—let him thank Vanity Fair that its strictures on the imbecility of the present administration have forced him at last into concurrence with the progress of Young America, and compelled him to abandon the last Precedent who will never interfere with the operation of equity. We have laughed all the stealers of public money to scorn. We have gone among the Cabinet men, and put a patent lock on their Bureau Drawers.

In fine, there is no good which we have not done to the American People. We have supported no party. Herschel V. Johnson would undoubtedly have liked to have a hand in the next year's cabinet work. We must confess that to that cabinet-making we have not brought V. near. Knowing what a host of scrub politicians would like to ring in, we have helped no Bell to hang round the White House. It is a long Lane which has no turning—and the straight road of equity might not be kept by a Lane who was Vice itself. And from the same motives of impartiality we did not help Linc—on.

But we have given what boys call *a boost* to the Right wherever we found it. When it was stuck in the mud we helped it out, no matter what its temporary name. In other words, when it was mired—we ad-mired it still the same. And we shall always do the honorable thing. We shall continue to be V. Fair, however others may D. Mean themselves. If there be so remote a place in this Union, that ten cents must be paid there for the privilege of a laugh with us—no man who spends twenty-four hours on our reading shall be able to say, "Perdidi Dime."

Since we began our friendly tilt against human follies, Southern Italy is free. If in the next volume we do not agitate the question vigorously in regard to the Northern part, let it be remembered that Garibaldi does not wish to free Venetia till next Spring. As, for the sake of an age which cannot stand too much glory at once, we do not issue two numbers at once, so neither does our distinguished friend liberate all Italy simultaneously.

The Japanese have come and gone since we made our bow to America. So have the Prince of Wales and Newcastle. Each of these widely separated Insular Ambassadors took home a copy of Vanity Fair with him. Time works his great results slowly. But already we hear that Japan has established a number of new schools and factories for the development of human art, and in England, for the first time in centuries, a reigning Gallic Sovereign has visited a native monarch at Windsor Castle. Fit encounter—Eugenie, the Noble-Born of France, and Victoria, the Victory of Saxon Wisdom!

Thus at our opening third volume, thrives the great progress of Humanity abroad. Modesty forbids us to say what share we have given to its impulse. But if the first year of Vanity Fair shall be such an incitement to the grandest spirits of the world, what will its second be?

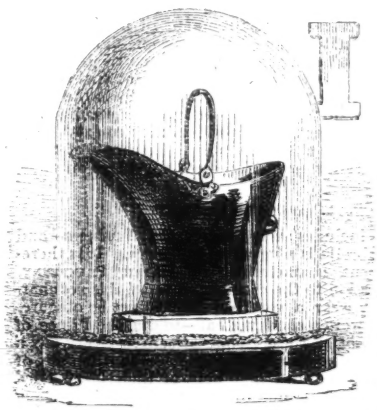
We believe that the Human Race desire their own advancement. So our only answer is,

WE ARE FOR SALE EVERYWHERE!

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER I.



ISAIAH PRIMPENNY, Esq., had made a fortune in coal-scuttles. You may have noticed the singular fact in natural history that when a man has made his fortune in coal-scuttles, it becomes inconceivable to him why every other member of the human family does not rush into coal-scuttles immediately.

STUYVESANT PRIMPENNY—ISAIAH'S son—found a fortune already made, and did not stop to inquire how it was done. In the abstract he had no objection to coal-scuttles. They were undoubtedly very respectable. But he had just as lief that they were hearth-rugs, or general provisions, or drugs, or sewing machines. The fortune was made. He did not care what had done it. Accordingly, when ISAIAH PRIMPENNY proposed to him to continue the coal-scuttles in his own name, he steadfastly refused to have anything to do with them.

ISAIAH presented the case from all its most alluring points of view. There never was such a brilliant opening for any young man. STUYVESANT replied that it was an opening he didn't wish to crawl into. "But just to look at it soberly," insisted ISAIAH, "You will have the benefit of all your father's long business acquaintance." "Which consists principally," interposed STUYVESANT" of the most precious old muffs who ever talked hardware at a dinner party!" "But they are the solid men of New York." "Not half as solid as Old Red Sandstone in the Park." "Don't exasperate me by your trifling, STUYVESANT! I have been in hopes that you were going to make a respectable man of yourself. That you would build up an honorable name in society, and go out of the world leaving it better than when you came into it." "And finally lie in the most eligible spot in Greenwood with a monument over me presenting to tourists through that delightful locality the following inscription: 'After contributing munificently to the wants of the age in the form of something like five hundred thousand coal-scuttles, this Benefactor of Mankind fell a victim to his benevolence, being bored to death at the early age of thirty-five years. The instruments which caused his demise may still be seen in every variety of elegant pattern at No. —— Greenwich street, where liberal discounts will be made to the trade. Families and hotels provided at the shortest notice. The good die young.'"

"Sir!" said the Father of the PRIMPENNYS, "You are jesting with me. *I* am in earnest! And I tell you that you do not know which side your bread is buttered on!"

"My dear Governor," replied STUYVESANT, leaning back in his luxurious arm-chair, "I have now reached the ripe age of twenty-five years, and thus far, in all my extended travels, I have never found any difficulty in discovering the buttered side of that esculent you mention. Indeed, it has so invariably turned up buttered that I am led to suspect that it is buttered on both sides."

"Yes sir! and that is the trouble with you! I have brought you up too easily! I erred on the side of parental tenderness. I wished to spare you the hardships which embittered my earlier youth, and I have made you a voluptuary. I should have put you in the work-shop at fourteen years, thrust a hammer and a solder-iron into your hand, and told you to earn your bread as I did!"

"Under these circumstances I should have run away," replied STUYVESANT calmly.

"You would, *would* you? Where would you have run to, I'd like to know, my young master?"

"I should have taken to street begging. I should have seated myself on the Hospital steps, with a large placard on my breast, stating that this was the deserted child of ISAIAH PRIMPENNY, Merchant of No. — Greenwich Street. I should have procured the insertion of a paragraph in the *Herald*, headed "Destitution in High-life—Shameful Abandonment of offspring by a prominent Fifth Avenue Hardware dealer. And you would have been glad enough to come after me and bring me home, where I should have revelled in luxury as before."

"You are a rascal!" exclaimed ISAIAH PRIMPENNY, but in a tone considerably softened by those words, "High life" and "Fifth Avenue," which always had a remarkable effect on him, when coupled with his name, as being a sort of popular tribute to his hardly attained position in society.

"You are a rascal! If you had tried that sort of thing, I should have flogged you soundly I would have given you *luxury* when you got home! But STUYVESANT, I am not joking with you—though you may think you make me smile. It is time for you to do *something*. You are determined, I see, to disappoint my fondest expectations, to abandon your old father in the business by which he has reared his family to its present position. Now what *will* you do? Will you be a merchant in any other line if I give you capital and find you a partner?"

"Sink the shop! I hate *shop* of all kinds!"

"Will you study a profession, then? You can get admitted to the New York bar, with eight months' study, and I am able to throw cases into your hands."

"I had rather crawl into the coal-scuttles than through *that* opening! There's too much humbug about it! Too much creeping through other men's dirty sewers, under the pretence that because they are *other* mens', it don't nasty your own white pantaloons at all. If I could be WILLIAM CURTIS NOYES at a leap, I'd do it, though how he was got to where he is and still kept the pure, honorable, noble man that he is, I don't know! There must be some way—but I'm not acquainted with it. No, I don't care to be a lawyer."

"What do you think of being a doctor, then—or a clergyman?"

"Well—as to the doctor, Governor, just look at it a minute. I believe there are people who love to see legs taken off—who prefer a good case of delirium tremens to a dinner at DELMONICO'S. They are fond of epilepsy—they dote on dissections—and if they aren't called up at three o'clock in the morning to go and see a man who's fallen off a six-story building, they don't enjoy their sleep one bit afterwards. Now such people are born to be doctors. When they hear the night-bell, they don't say 'damn it!' and go to sleep remembering to give orders to have the wire cut in the morning. They believe in medicine, *they* do. They give a blue-pill for pain in the toe; and, by Gemini! they've got the science to trace it all the way down from the throat, through the membranes, and clear to the tip end of the system, where it belongs. There's PIPER, for instance! I used to know him when he walked Bellevue. Hanged if he couldn't see the pill bulge out all the way down, till it got to the right place! He's the kind of man that has the divine right to be a doctor. I haven't. I'm too infernally lazy. And I haven't the faith."

"But how about the clergyman? You've been well brought up. All you've got to do is to stop using those expletives. You musn't say internal for instance—not out of the pulpit you know."

"Well Governor—you're an elder in one of the up-town churches—but I'll tell you frankly what I think of that business, meaning no offence to anybody. There are two kinds of clergymen. One's the regular saleable pattern, which has been put up in packages with a well-known tradesmark on 'em, like your coal-scuttles, for the last two hundred years. I've been down to the factory. I've seen how they're made. I know every grind of the machine. And this is the way they do things. They take a mild young countryman for the raw article. He must be soft, untempered stuff, without any unmalleable mixture in his ore. like ideas of his own for instance. Then they melt him down with half a hundred lots just like him. Then they pour out the molten metal into casts, all of them precisely alike. Then they burn the casts over in an oven with the charcoal of a dozen old doctors, until they're impregnated through and through with theological notions of the proper blue and blistered color. Then they draw 'em out, and chill 'em in a bath of ice water, which gives 'em the temper they call 'impregnable orthodox firmness.' Then they stick 'em into the handle—known as a diploma—put the factory stamp on them, wrap them in packages, and once a year offer the lot to cut the bread of life or the adversary, according as either side of their double-edge is wanted, for select country congregations. These ministers—to drop the cutlery comparison—are always provided in the seminary with

three voices One, very low and monotonou for the prayers—another, a little higher and louder for the res ing—and a third, a sort of broken-hearted sing-song, for the se mor As to having any views of their own, they're as bad off s th at terrible German tobacco which you objected to so, when I sm ked it in my meerschaum on the third story front. It was rst- aked in acids till all the tobacco was taken out of it, and then it got a bath of musk. So with them. Jones has all the Jones tak n out of him, and finally he's saturated with the Rev. Dr. Somebody else. After which, when he comes out as the Rev. Mr. Jones, it is an assumed name. He travels under an alias, for which he ought to be taken up as dangerous to society. He's really the Rev. Mr. Calvin, of Thirty-Nine Articles D.D. Now that's *one* kind of clergyman But there's another. The square out-spoken *man*. The man who don't forget he's a *man* because he's learned the Hebrew word for it. The man who talks in the pulpit just as plainly as he would on the street. Who doesn't believe in sneaking up any back stairs into goodness. Who doesn't call on his congregation to catch hold of his gown skirts and come along through the rose-garden, if they want to be saved. But who says: 'Look here! This in mean and Unchristian! This is fair and Christian! I'm not puffing up the stock of a little particular railroad to piety that I want you to subscribe to. I'm showing you tough old five barred gates to climb over, and I'm going to climb over them myself. Every sort of people from the rich to the poor, from the churchman to the fellow who never goes to church, has been putting these gates across your way for the last six thousand years. Jump them, I tell you! I know it isn't as easy as plain walking, but it the only way to get out of meanness and wickedness and *unmanliness*, which means

the same thing. I'm going first! Hurrah! That bar's cleared! Take heart and come after me That's the second kind of parson. And the only difference between him and his congregation is, that he's got the big brains and the big heart, which make him take the bars *first*. Now—I *won't* be the first person—and to state it frankly, I *ain't able* to be the second!"

Isaiah Primpenny stared at his son for several moments, and then replied that he had been a great deal too much to hear political preaching. He regretted the sad tendency taken by Stuyvesant's youthful mind, but added with a sigh, that he could not help it. Finally, in a state bordering on desperation, he demanded—

"What, then, will you be?"

And Stuyvesant calmly answered,

"*Nothing.*"

"Nothing? *Nothing?*"

"Yes. That is to say, a gentleman. There is literally nothing that I care to do, or am peculiarly fitted for, except to smoke good cigars, drink good champagne, play a tolerable game of billiards, drive my own fast crab, and keep a bachelor establishment."

"Cigars—champagne—billiards—*crab*—and your own establishment!"

"That is the exact repetition of my catalogue."

Isaiah Primpenny folded his arms, and for ten minutes looked the exact picture of Napoleon at Fontainbleau. While he is thus engaged in deep thought, and Stuyvesant is considering the proper color for wheels to his next dog-cart, let us remember who the two Primpennys are.

Isaiah is a florid man of fifty-six, with crisp white hair, and thoroughly shaven face. If he had any idea that the hair on his head were in the faintest degree a connivance at the capillary enormities worn by the present generation on their cheeks and upper lips, he would sacrifice the last remnant of his venerable locks instanter. He does not smoke—because people did not, as a general thing, smoke when he went into the coal-scuttle business. He rides up-town in the stages only because the oldest coal-scuttle men have accepted that innovation on walking. He is the pure type of a coal-scuttle man, with no incongruous peculiarities added. Still he has some peculiarities which may co-exist with success in that trade. He is absent-minded. He is one of those men who, when they start for any place, have to enter on their pocket-book,

"Mem. Not to leave my head behind."

This defect of memory includes everything except business—and his umbrella. This umbrella is a very bad umbrella. It is therefore the most prominent characteristic of Isaiah Primpenny. Spite the popular impression to the contrary, a bad *hat* is *not* characteristic. A man may wear a very bad hat and yet be obscure. The Duke of Newcastle wore a shocking hat—so did the Prince of Wales—yet we have forgotten those people already. Every day a hundred abominable hats at least pass Amidon's—that temple of sublimest head-covering—yet not one hair of their dishevelled nap trembles with shame, and not even a news boy marks them with just reprobation. They go home, and hide themselves on the secluded hat-racks of humiliated families. To wear a bad hat is not to be original.

But the bad *umbrella* was never carried by any but a typical man. What the bad umbrella was a type of in Mr. Primpenny's case must be developed in the progress of this veritable narrative. I cannot be expected to open Mr. Primpenny like his umbrella, as if my first chapter were a hard rain. But I can picture the umbrella itself to your eager understanding. It was an umbrella which bulged out in the middle when it was tied up, like a badly-packed carpet-bag. Its color, through much bleaching, had come to resemble corner grocery wrapping-paper. It fastened with a loop of brown galloon around a white bone-button. One of its ribs was broken. Its tip was gone. It had a smooth round ivory knob, like a badly-used bell-pull. And this was the charming apparatus which Mr. Primpenny delighted in taking down town!

He never forgot it. If the morning was clear it might rain in the afternoon. In summer it would be just the thing to keep the sun off. He never lent it to a friend weatherbound at his house. It might get lost—and Stuyvesant always had plenty of umbrellas to lend. He took it with him to the Springs—to Saratoga—to political meetings—to the Opera. A state of things which, so far as his family were concerned, secured him solitude on all his tours. They invariably managed to take the next stage, or go by the next train. At one period of his life that umbrella actually wore out! The next day he was seen descending Broadway triumphantly through the sunshine, with another just as seedy, and of absolutely the same pattern! It was an umbrella which never could get itself lost, never be left behind. There are reasonable doubts as to whether the act of attempting to bury him without it, wouldn't have resuscitated him.

Stuyvesant Primpenny was, as he has already told us, twenty-five years old. A young man who, at the age of twelve, had his own tailor, and at fifteen imported his own cigars. At eighteen he went abroad, spent three years longer on the continent of Europe, and came back with the idea that he had been the wickedest dog in the world. He labored under the impression that at Paris he had done nothing but dance the Can-can, and learn French from those portable Dictionaries, known as Lorettes—that in the German Universities, his habitual occupation had been the amputation of Teutonic noses with the rapier—that at Baden-Baden he had swamped several princely fortunes in *rouge-et-noir*—and that on the Spanish Sierras he had been complicit with the assassination of a muleteer. He actually believed that he had been the greatest villain in the oldest civilized quarter of the globe. It is astonishing what a great comfort this faith was to him! When you heard his shocking acounts of midnight-revelry, and day-shaming brigandism, you were inclined to shudder till you recollected that

PANIC PRICES.

Aspiring Youth.—"COME, COME—KNIVES IS AT PANIC PRICES EVER SINCE MULLIGAN WENT UP TO SING-SING. HERE'S THREE CENTS FOR THE BIG 'UN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOARD!"

youth is imaginative, and that after all, STUYVESANT may have been a very proper person to introduce to young people making the grand tour. That in Germany his iniquity may have been restricted to Rhein-wein and Seltzer water, in Paris to seeing immoral comedies which he did not understand, and in Spain to chucking orange-girls under the chin, while he paid double-price for their fruit, on consideration of that rakish privilege thrown in. When you began to know STUYVESANT, you discovered that his wickedness was all hypocrisy, and saw the lamb's tail through the wolf's skin.

After his return to New York, the innocent villain began to get his true growing up. He went a good deal into society, and was adored by all young ladies, on the strength of his fascinatingly unpious reputation. He did considerable flirting, had an affair with a lady old enough to be his mother, which led her to giving him a great deal of good advice, and introducing him to her daughters. He became the Agamemnon of Lancer parties—gave private champagne spreads—wrote an account of his tour, interspersed with moral reflections—came to the conclusion that he was too old to reform—burnt up the tour—and finally awoke one morning, to find himself twenty-five, and in all valuable respects, very young at that.

ISAIAH PRIMPENNY having meanwhile come to the same opinion of his son, and being furthermore struck with the chronological fact that it was now high time for STUYVESANT to have sown his last wild oats—invited him one evening to that ridiculously superfluous apartment of a New York business-man, called his "study"—and held the conversation with him reported in this previous recital.

At the end of ten minutes ISAIAH looked out from his abstraction, descended from the Napoleon-at-Fontainbleau attitude, and exclaimed to his son,

"Well, sir! You *shall* have an establishment of your own!"

What sort of an establishment it was shall be fully recorded in our next chapter.

Under dun.

Rare steaks had in these days; also, the poor D. D's——defaulting debtors, You Know, when asked to pay up.

On Pickles.

To preserve Onions, you have only to put them into a good, strong pickle: while, on the contrary, Unions are difficult to preserve in proportion to the intensity of the pickel into which they are put.

Both articles are safe for a Mess.

Bad as can be.

A friend of ours, who was badly beaten at euchre the other day, when he expected an easy victory, desires to know in what way he resembles Mazeppa's Captors? Because he caught a Tartar of the Ukraine breed.

Bacchic Deduction.

If spiritous intoxication is called "Half-seas-over," the intoxication of Malt must be called "Half-'n'-half-seas-over."

Anatomical.

The tip of the elbow is sometimes termed the Funny Bone—on account, perhaps, of its vicinity to the Humerus.

By our Philadelphia Contributor.

If the South Carolina Convention had remained at Columbia, what sort of a nation would have been organized?

Vy, a vacci-nation.

By our Hifalutinist.

"President BUCHANAN is branded by the age with the mark of infancy."

Just so. Epoch marked.

How to meet a Bankrupt.

Take no note of him.

MORE OF IT.

Another Big Defalcation!

Nothing wonderful at any time. But this is a roaring, tearing, blazing crusher of a Defalc. One snapping and slapping right through government, in among the politicians, bang into parties and sections and feuds and national convulsions. A Big Thing, Gentlemen, a big theft, a stupendous mess of rascality and infamy.

We like to see these things come out, occasionally. We like to see the scoundrelly politicians and humbugs, thieves and parasites of all kinds who gather in Washington, get an occasional shaking out—a good ninety-four red hot shot—a small earthquake and a dose of lightning. We decidedly and exactly Do. It is a powerful Refreshment.

And oh—how piquant to see Buncombe and bluster, and gabbling, sectional, fire-devouring, ferocious, provincial Devotion suddenly ice-watered by being proved to be Swindling in Disguise. How grand to see Captain Terrible turn out a sneak-thief, after all. How delicious to see ROBERT MACAIRE indignantly refusing to stop a single instant in the house—after he had the Spoons in his pocket!

And there is more behind it all. Plenty more. Gentlemen, we Know you. We know what is, and always has been, behind your rant, and palaver, and foaming speeches. THIEVERY has been behind it—and it will be well ripped up, and the Darkness shall come to light. Men don't keep the upper hand for so many years at Washington without doing many a foul deed. We are only at the Beginning.

Two more of Them.

Messrs. CHANG an ENG, the Siamese Twins, have declared publicly that they are in favor of the "Union as it is," whether the Original Compact was right or not.

By our Salesman Contributor.

The worst kind of Dry-goods for Skaters: Fall Clothing.

"By the Sad Sea Waves"—our Artist sketching Fort Moultrie—the burning of the Gun Carriages, &c.

A Picture.

Scene—*The Fulton Ferry-boat leaving the dock pretty-well hurried passengers taking immence strides to get on board.*

By-standers.—"Hurry up, hurry up, there won't be another boat for as much as two minutes!"

Moral.—Go it! You haven't more'n a minute to live, you know—anywhere here in the Metropolis.

Late Suspensions.

Among the other effects of the present Hard Times, we notice the suspension of Blondin's Rode walk, at Niagara Falls, and are not surprised thereat, for his business has always been conducted on a very Insecure Footing.

The Last Gasp.

Why is Brooklyn a few shades ahead of Newport?

Newport is all beach—Brooklyn is all Beecher.

A Man you can't Depend On.

Mr. No-Yes. (Not that man, you know, but another man.)

Per Telegraph

FORT MOULTRIE SPIKED!!

THE GUNS EVACUATED AND IN FLAMES!!!

Charleston, Washington 1860, 27th.

Fort evacuated was Moultrie last night.
The evacuation were guns previous to the spiked.
The demolished is now being fort by the fire.
Only a charge was left in four soldiers.
Fort Sumpter has been conveyed to all the troops.
Extense precitement invails.
The Session is in secret convention.
It is only the gun carriages fired at Fort Moultrie.
The Canon is reported, and a train is spiked to fort the blow up.
The last report is doubled.
The excitement is increasing the people and indignation.

Go it! That's our enterprise. Go it ahead of Every Else—broke all to pieces bringing it up Stairs—never mind—those are the pieces, and other folks will have 'em as bad as we.

Hurrah for Vanity Fair!

Astronomical.

V. F., when a boy, used to wonder that the comets went at such a fearful speed, and only travelled nights; but V. F., as a man, and a New York editor, now sees that they are afraid of the numerous Revolvers, which the Sun and Planets (which are mere satellites to him) have got around them; Jupiter, for instance, having no less than six hung near his belt ready for use. Is it anything strange that he is the bully of his crowd, and causes perturbations among them? The spots on the sun have long been a riddle to astronomers, but is it not reasonable to infer that those spots are only holes in the glass shade round the "Eye of Day," showing where it has been riddled by bullets in some row, at which this Jupiter and his strikers have "assisted"? These fellows are "roughs," is evident from the fact that Saturn has never even offered one of his rings to Miss Venus, who hasn't got Nary, especially as his smallest one is two big for him and don't fit at all. Ignorant people might say the distance was too great between them, but couldn't he wait till they came in *Conjunction?* Mitchell, Gould & Co., are ordered, on pain of this communication, to take some action in the premises.

FIVE DOLLAR DIPLOMAS.

When the Southern students—or a small number thereof—proposed to secede from the New York University in consequence of the Aylette difficulty, the Professor, grateful for the *esprit du corps* thus displayed, promised his lambs that if they would accompany him to the Charleston (S. C.) University, he would guarantee them diplomas, one and all, at five dollars apiece.

Now we may be justified in doubting the readiness of some of these young gentlemen for diplomas. Though Prof. Aylette has, doubtless, given them much instruction, endowed them, it may be, with even an inconvenient amount of medical wisdom in an astonishingly brief period of time—we are incredulous anent their fitness, in some cases at least, to prepare the dreadful pill and wield the fierce probang for their Southern compatriots.

May it not be possible that the whole thing is a plot of the Abolitionists, to decimate the Southern population? Fancy some forty or fifty young doctors, eager for practice and fees, turned suddenly loose upon an inoffending and happy plantational district! The result would be terrible—John Brown's raid would sink into insignificance, and negro insurrection would assume diminutive proportions beside it! Agues, skilfully maltreated by the Aylettean fledgelings, would turn to typhoid horrors, simple colics might ripen into sweeping choleras, and merely irritating chilblains might become malignant mortifications? A wail of many voices would ascend over Attakapas, and funeral torches would flare luridly above the waters of the Potomac! Five dollars a head, for diplomas to forty youthful students! Is this the way in which doctors are manufactured? Then who shall create undertakers?

While yet this frightful danger hung over the devoted head of the South, like the sword of Damocles—to use a new and original simile,—this telegram, brief but pregnant, came, lightning-winged along the slim intelligent wires that still connect South Carolina with the Union. It was from President Frost, of the Charleston University:

"We will be happy to receive all who may come, *but payment will be required for the tickets of the course.*"

The world was saved! That last dreadful clause destroyed the fair vision of each sanguine and sanguinary doctorling, of a "free blow," at lectures, and a five dollar diploma. The star of Aylette waned. Baleful silence fell upon the seceders. The noise of revolution died from the University halls, and the embryotic Galens felt uncommonly cheap.

So this "sudden making of splendid names" did not take place. The matter is still unsettled, though much talk was expended upon it; and in this instance, as in many others, mentioned now and then in the obituary notices of country papers, "Physicians were in vain!"

A Dog-Ironical Conundrum.

Q. What tradesman reminds us most of a Big Dog?

A. A Grate-setter.

CAPT. BOBADIL,

AS PERFORMED BY H. A. W——E, IN THE NEW AMERICAN COMEDY OF "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR."

CAPT. BOBADIL.—I would undertake upon this poor head and life for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the eutire lives of the people in general, but to save three parts of the yearly charge in holding war and against any enemy soever. And I would select nineteen gentlemen, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field by the *fourth* of March, or thereabouts, and would challenge twenty of the enemy. We would kill them, challenge twenty more, kill them, twenty more, kill them too, and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day—that's two hundred a day—five days—a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five; five times forty;—two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform.

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 *Henry VI. Act* 1, *Scene* 1.

VANITY FAIR has long promised Revelations. Fascinating Apo-Calypsos of Ulyssic shrewdness—an Exposay—so amply confirmed of all the rumors current relative to Congressional——"management." *C'est le mot.*

We give herewith the initiatory and inchoate beginning of the commencement of this Great National Work.

We beg for the Prayers, Thanks, Gratitude, smoking-caps, worked slippers, cigar cases, smiles, and anything else lying around loose, of all

Defrauded Matrons.
Swindled Orphans.
Cheated Heiresses to Gov. claims.
Unfortunate Contractors.
California Widows.

So much for what is due to us. So much too for Jesting. But what we proceed to deal with is no Jest. It is an Abomination and an Abuse—it is our blackest National Shame and Reproach. But to the work of our Special Washingtonian.

LETTER I.

Open Sesame.

The BOOK OF JOBS!

While historians have been exhuming FERDINANDS and ISABELLAS and Dutch Republics, the Lobby has been staring them in the face, begging to be written. They have sent to Madrid and the land of Schnapps for spectacles that lay unnoticed on their very noses. Historians, I despise, yet thank ye.

The history of the Lobby is the history of legislation in that indefinite period usually referred to as all time.

It is a history without chronology; for the Lobby of to-day is the Lobby of yesterday and the day before; of to-morrow and the day after. The Lobby can do no wrong. The Lobby never dies. The Lobby is Catholic. From Kamschatka to New Jersey; in Asia, Africa and Oceanica, as in America and Europe (including Asia Minor); the Lobby is ever the same. In the words of Scotia's bard, "Every body has its Lobby." So the work of forty volumes shall be done in one. Think of that, and be grateful.

I have been informed that there are persons still extant in the interior, who believe that Congress is elected to make laws for the public welfare. I have been told so by friends whose word is sacred. When I say that I laughed the first time this information was imparted to me, I bear sad tribute to the inadequacy of the English language. In point of fact, I was seized with a cachinatory fever of an alarming nature, and for three weeks wasn't allowed to see VANITY FAIR, for fear of a relapse. I subsisted upon a mild diet of the *Mount Vernon Papers*.

The Public Welfare! Ridiculous, isn't it? You and I know better. It is an obsolete idea.

"To the victors belong the spoils."

Write *that* in the copybooks of the rising generation! I declare, the more I see of that beautiful principle the more I admire it. Come and admire it with me. Let us make up a party and all admire it together.

It has brought us to our present unexampled state of happiness, prosperity and peace. Bless ye its author! Bless ye his disciples! Their name is, I think, Legion.

It has built up the THIRD HOUSE. Bless ye its author, and bless his disciples!

I am told that among other things, we owe the division of the national legislature into two separate bodies to the wisdom of our forefathers. It is my opinion that those otherwise highly respectable old parties didn't know Everything. They certainly showed it when they made a Senate and a House of Representatives and forgot the Third House; unless, indeed, they trusted that honorable body to *take care of itself*. And Which, in the delightful pleonasm of the vernacular, It Does It. If, as has been stated, "Heaven bless those that Help Themselves," the Lobby need never be at a loss for assistance; but I should have thought it would come from the Other Establishment.

What governs the Country? The Peop— nonsense! Party, of course. What is the End of Party? Victory. And to the victors belong the Spoils.

In the noble task before me, I must occasionally tell the truth; corns may be trodden on; and ears may be made to burn. It is the privilege of the historian to be unpleasant. It is, moreover, his duty. And when, to adapt the words generally attributed to the late Lord NELSON, America Expects Every Man To Do His Duty, here is one, at least, in whom America Shall Not Be Disappointed.

But you shall have jelly with your medicine.

The part of reticence is sometimes the part of prudence. And if, therefore, in these papers you should suddenly come upon something that makes you start and exclaim, "Why, he means ME!" don't send your friend with a note and a kind invitation, which my conscientious scruples will compel me to decline; don't come yourself with an angry face and a disgusting piece of ox-peel, or perhaps one of Colonel COLT'S pocket style; but, rather read it over again, and you will presently see that it is JENKS or that fellow LOBBS that I've been hitting at, and think, "By Jove! what a funny dog he is; look here, JANE, at this piece about old LOBBS. Real good, isn't it?"

Come! Let us enter.

THE JAPANESE BILL.

I

At last we have got the items down
For doing the Japanese Embassy brown
During their sojourn in our town,
For seventeen days, last summer:
The Common Council and Aldermen
Have all been busy with tongue and pen
To enrich each legal claimant, and then
Each civic City Hall bummer.

II.

It seems that the people have got to pay
For each Jappaner, during his stay,
At the rate of Eighteen Dollars a day,
For eating, sleeping, and drinking!
If the taxpayers their consent would give
The Poet as City's guest to receive,
'Tis just at that rate I would like to live—
And I'd get rather fleshy, I'm thinking!

III.

But the Naval Commissioners, certainly,
Quite distanced our friends from over the sea—
Fifty-four dollars apiece, for the three,
Were charged by the LELANDS, daily!
And we've Forty-six Thousand Dollars to spend
For the ball which the Princes didn't attend,
Except for a moment their presence to lend,
Though the Aldermen danced right gaily.

IV.

Nobody knows what 'twas that was done
By the "Secretaries"—many or one—
But Three Hundred Dollars must pay for the fun
Of records that none have heard of!
And nearly Eight-Thousand Dollars are due
For carriage-hire, though rides were few—
Except for the Fathers, but what *they* do
Not many e'er hear a word of!

V.

Still, as the Bill, when it came before
The Council, just after the fête was o'er,
Amounted to Forty-Two Thousand more
Than it does in its present condition,
Perhaps, before we are forced to pay,
It can be squeezed down, or melted away
To the Thirty Thousand Dollars that they
To expend had full permission.

VI.

At all events, it shouldn't be paid,
Till rigid scrutiny has been made
On every item before us laid,
That the least surprise may kindle;
Then let us settle it once for all—
The music and carriages, supper and ball—
And let Oblivion's decent pall
Descend on the Japanese Swindle!

By our Political Contributor.

Isn't the President elevating the African race when he takes a Black for Sec. of State?

OLD BACHELORS TRAPS.

Editor Vanity Fair:

ALAAM EFFENDI:—I wish to protest in the nam and by the consent of many Old Bachelors against the weapons at are now directed against us as a Single Body, by several lite y—if not literal—Amazons. The slings of fortune we care nott g for; we are used to Slings. The brands of contumely we can l ar; we are accustomed to being Brandied. To be whisked about as nobodies can be endured; for are we not often Whiskied up- and down? To be whined over as reprobates we don't care for; ve glory in being Wined about. But, this bearing with all our foible and carrying us about as heroes, savors too much of the Porter; o be plain, what Ails us is simply this, we are Bearded in our dens and hauled out in JANE EYRE, NATHALIE, Sir ROHAN's Ghost, and RUTLEDGE, as the model men for young ladies to take after; and bro shoulders and hair tinged with grey are so much the rage at pres t, that we have not one mo ents' peace. I look upon these Nov praises as upon so much toa ted cheese, which can be hardly reg ded as the Stilton; and in th name of Old Bachelordom infor t aforesaid authoresses that e are Trappists, and Up to Tra hat we are not to be taken in by honied words to drink the Me of matrimony; and that we are too old rats to pass through the fire of Caudle lectures and become Ratifiers to any such mar the Gallows proceedings. See 'em hanged first.

Yours alone,

MUSOTONE.

THE JAPANESE BOYS.

VANITY FAIR calls solemn, serious, and sorrowful attention to the following elegant extract:

"A BOASTING ALDERMAN.—During the discussion in the Board of Aldermen, on Monday evening, before the passage of the Japanese Bills, Alderman BRADY boasted that he had not been frightened by the criticism of the press, and that he had been re-elected in spite of the newspaper denunciations. Nearly all the Japanese boys, he said, had been re-elected. Ald. GENET checked Mr. BRADY's boastful oratory by a hint in the spirit of the old adage, that "there's said the soonest mended."—*N. Y. Sun, Dec. 26.*

Mr. Alderman BRADY has been reëlected by the vilest of the community, to a most emphatically bad—infamously bad—eminence. Those who read the bound volume of VANITY FAIR a century hence—and there are few among our many thousand readers who do not preserve their copies—may learn that in the year 1860, a disreputable, degraded, and dishonored class of universally branded city misgovernors attempted one of the vilest of swindles, in attempting to cheat New York in the bill for a most extravagant and ridiculous entertainment of some Japanese officials. They may learn from us too, that Alderman BRADY, one of those miserable and unfaithful servants, grinned and chuckled over the successful swindle, boasting hilariously that THE JAPANESE BOYS had been elected. They may learn that this ignorant and debased Alderman crowed in exultation at the success of an act which every Honest and Honorable citizen of New York has not, for months, heard mentioned without a blush and without indignation.

Alderman BRADY—it is not Nice to be pinned up and shown to a coming age as the Man who Exulted and Boasted over the Dirtiest Swindle which has ever disgraced a civilized corporation. It You were the man who did it. You are the one calling yourself in pride the Japanese Boy. Look out, my Japanese Boy—you forget, my fine fellow, that in this country of America, the future is apt to come rushing along before you know it. Even You—degraded as you are—may have some one to blush for you a few years hence. If so, God keep you and them—for nothing short of a miracle will ever lift from your name, and those of most of your fellows, the mountain of Dishonor and Filth under which you have buried them.

Reëlected! Successful! Oh yes—every abuse must come to a head before it is reformed. But take care—BILLY MULLIGAN went up to Sing Sing at last!

THE LAST ORDER.

"*All hands on deck to pray!*"
I heard the Captain say
Was the order of the day.

The remedy was old
But I knew that we were *sold;*
There was water in our hold.

Does he think—the dotard gray—
To avert the judgment-day
By kneeling down to pray?

As he walks the quarter-deck,
Does he hope to save *his* neck
'Mid the cracking of *our* wreck?

Let him shorten sail—or crowd
Every stitch—and man each shroud
Though the winds blow ne'er so loud.

With our tough young live-oak craft,
And a stiff gale right abaft
A good sailor would have laughed.

Though mutiny be near,
There are honest sailors here,
And the Captain need not fear.

True we've sprung a leak below,
And through the break, I know
There's a constant, steady flow.

But it is not yet too late;
Send a carpenter and mate,
To ascertain our state.

We have struck on many rocks,
And weathered many shocks,
Since we floated off the stocks.

We are good for service still,
If we meet no greater ill;
And please God we never will.

For the righteous only, there
Is hope in earnest prayer;
And our page is not so fair.

Yet our star of hope is beaming
Forth this plain and simple seeming:
We may work our own redeeming.

Be *courageous, firm,* and *leal!*
Put your own hand to the wheel!
And we'll show a steady keel.

But tell us not to pray;
For our life-blood flows away,
And we lose all in a day.

The Irrepressible Nigger.

We regret to say anything which can tend to aggravate the present unhappy disturbance of the Union; but our duty as a leading organ of public opinion, and our regard for the Constitution of our country, forbid us longer to conceal a fact, the exposure of which must shake the Nation from its centre! It is already well-known that Mr. HAMLIN is a mulatto. We are now enabled to state, from personal examination of the illustrated papers, that LINCOLN was actually born in A-shantee!

NOT IN THE BILL OF FARE.

Excited Person.—"WAITER!—HERE!—HI!—I CALLED FOR EGGS, AND YOU'VE BROUGHT ME CHICKEN ON THE HALF-SHELL!"

An Extravagant Thief.

We clip the following from an exchange paper:

"KNOCKED DOWN BY A BUNDLE OF SILVER.—A thief with a bundle, being questioned by a policeman in New Orleans early one recent morning, threw the package at him, knocking him down. The bundle contained $3000 worth of silver, stolen the night before."

Thus it is that the habits of reckless prodigality acquired at the South, ever lead the impulsive inhabitants of that section of the Union to acts of the most culpable extravagance. In this glad North of ours how different! Ten dollars, judiciously applied, has been known to strike two policemen speechless. Once, indeed, having entered a Broadway gambling saloon—for the purpose of studying character—we remarked a slight difficulty near the door, between the proprietors and a policeman, when, horrible to relate, one of the former drew a five-dollar bill, and, striking the latter smartly upon the palm with it, blew him up the basement steps with a force that utterly destroyed his memory, and paralyzed his tongue. It is good to live at the North.

Yes! How?

How is it that the advertised list of letters in our Post Office, is "officially published in the paper having the greatest circulation," in *two* dailies at once?

Sound on the Duck.

The reason announcements of a certain class are termed Quack advertisements, is because they sound like *Canards*.

Slashed Doublets.

Mutilated Twins.

GUNNY-BAGS AND CINDERS.

These are bad times. Bad for the poor, who must fast whether they will or not: bad for the rich, who, according to proclamation issued by the President of these United States, are expected to humiliate themselves very much, with their seediest clothes on and their unfestive boards laid out in a small way with food and drink of a depressing tendency, on the Fourth of January, 1861.

On account of the festive character heretofore borne by the first week in January, this business of abstaining from riotous joy and postponing wantonness, if properly carried out, ought to be very effective. We once saw a combustible old woman, upon whom conflagration had unexpectedly come through a crack in a camphene lamp, very promptly extinguished by the application of a wet blanket.

We don't mean to point at anybody in particular as having upset the national Kerosene illuminator; but if JAMES BUCHANAN knows who *did*, he is quite justified in getting out his wet blanket. If he had strong men enough about him—which doesn't happen to be the case, however—it would not be a bad thing for him to toss all the States of the Union together in a moist coverlet of the kind referred to. They might find themselves shaken into their proper positions by such a process—the right States in the right places. Connecticut on the Mississippi would be a sight to travel after; though it might be bad for euchre and pernicious to bluff.

And yet this sack-cloth and ashes is a queer old thing to do. Conservative, perhaps, and more or less romantic, *as* sack-cloth and ashes. But suppose we paraphrase the thing a little, and speak of those dolorous materials as Gunny-Bags and Cinders—what then? Nothing: except that a procession of people got up in that kind of costume is of course the likeliest kind of thing to save the Union. For making New Year's calls it would be just the thing; as, although identical with sack-cloth and ashes, it has a more cheerful sound.

If something would be acceptable to illustrate the efficacy of the gunny-bags and cinders cure, here it is.

Among the sportsman's "halls of dazzling light" with which this pleasant city is provided, there is one containing an amphitheatre of Roman tendencies, in which such formidable wild beasts as raccoons and Mexican pigs are worried by dogs, which are likewise instructed to "go in" at each other, in the manner recommended by the late Dr. ISAAC WATTS in one of his most popular melodies. The proprietor of this arena advertises that, on account of the Fourth of January being set apart for grieving on, he has organized a great sparring tournament for the occasion. Prizes are offered by him to three kinds of fighting men—middling-sized ones, light weights, and the minimum chickens known as "feathers." This tilt is to take place in the arena hitherto sacred to the Dog and his quarry. Thus, it is cheering to know that if our country is going to the Dogs, President BUCHANAN has provided the latter with a holiday, in order that they may receive it in a suitable manner.

For ourselves, we have neglected to provide a suit of Gunny-bags and Cinders; but if the Fourth of January turns out to be a cold day, we shall probably confer with our old friends TOM and JERRY as to the possibility of saving the Union in some cheerful way.

Book Notice.

A new book, entitled "Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor," has been incorrectly described by a random critic as a romance, founded upon love episodes, in the upper and lower walks of life. This is incorrect, as the following, from another kind of critic, will show:

It will be found a highly interesting book of travels by those who read for amusement, or those who read for instruction, and the illustrations are enough to make one long for the time when a trip up the Amoor shall be as easy as a trip up the Rhine.

Alack! and well-a-day! many a trip up has the Amour caused to the susceptible of both sexes: but as for expecting a time "when a trip up the Amoor shall be as easy as a trip up the Rhine," the thing couldn't be done by any means short of a repeal of that well-known law of nature and of SHAKESPEARE, by which it is laid down that

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

THE MUSIC OF THE UNIO

CAN any one "post us" on this article?

We hear, occasionally, from some irrevent Fourth of July Orator, patriotic politician, or inspired toastmaker, the enthusiastic admonition to "keep step to the music of the Union." Now V. F. fully appreciates the rythmical idea included in the measured tramp of the stately march—is often moved to tears, as the soften'd bosom filling, with a patriotic thrilling, at the truly splendid drilling, of our gallant volunteers. V. F. understands how to keep time to any thing; to all sorts of tunes, from the jingling of *The Spoons*, the knife and fork rattle, of the Alcrmanic Battle, the glou-glou* so divine, of the freshly uncorked wine, the clink of bumper glasses, the prattle of sweet lasses, to that glads the soul, or softly charms the ears, from the wreathe and mantling bowl, to the Music of the Spheres, but V. F. does not exactly understand what constitutes the "Music of the Union." VANITY wants to know all about it, its key, motive, measure, its notions, crochets and quavers, its crescendo and diminuendo; whether it is "slow music," like that HARRY the Fourth desired should whisper to his weary spirit, and the old cow is said actually to have died on, or whether it's a soul-stirring allegretto, like Yankee doodle. Above all, VANITY particularly, especially, earnestly and anxiously desires to inquire, at this juncture, whether the "Music of the Union" can be performed as a solo, or is strictly choral; whether it is adapted to a single instrument, or requires a full orchestra. VANITY desires it to be distinctly understood that the inquiry is not prompted by idle dilettanti curiosity. VANITY has in view a grand, patriotic practical object. The tenor of our purpose is high, nay altissimo. No base motive mingles with our measures. They are harmonious with national interests; in unison with the most sacred of human impulses, the love of country. Our design is, when we shall have ascertained what the "Music of the Union" really is, to pipe all hands to "keep step;" to modulate the generous voice in sweet accord; to set all the popular organs, (hand-organs included) to that same tune; to infuse its sacred harmony into the national masses, so that, before the Altar of Liberty, may once more be chanted that grandest of Anthems, the praise of the united voice of a Free People! This may be a vain hope, a forlorn hope, a hope to be crowned only with Dante's "crown of sorrow," but such considerations serve but to quicken the aspiration, and stimulate the efforts of VANITY. Therefore the question again presents itself, like a recurring rythm, what is the "Music of the Union?"

Now, as before observed, VANITY comprehends the entire scale of the Music of the Spheres, from the "lowest note to the top of this compass;" from the *basso profundo* of Saturn, the celestial Lablache, to the F in alt of Luna, (the prima donna assoluta of the skies,)

"Which touched the silver tops of Heaven its."

VANITY understands all this just as well as Pythagoras, or any other—Stagerite. Indeed V. F. may say, parenthetically, that, without being precisely what mortals call a dead-head, he is not only on the free-list of the upper tier now alluded to, but, without Vanity, flatters himself that he is on familiar terms with the Syrens of the celestial coulisses.

Now VANITY used to think that there was a sort of S. S. (sublime similarity, you know) between the spheral harmony and the "Music of the Union." That the latter was a kind of Pythagorean mystery. That the several planets of our terrestial constellation, moving round their common centre, in spheres nicely adjusted and unchangeably fixed, with proportion of parts, and symmetry of system, must, in their ordinary revolutions, produce a resulting and perfect harmony. That this grand unison, pervading the whole scheme, attracting the remotest and most discordant parts, would preserve it, through all vicisitudes, in rhythmic order and melodious concord. What fraternity, forbearance, concession, unity of feeling, mutuality of interests, constitutional fidelity, justice and faith in a common destiny, were the several notes of the grand octave, the eternal Diapason of Liberty.

Well, VANITY flatters himself that he is not often caught napping, but supposes he must admit that he does sometimes dream. Like Pythagoras, or any other Philosopher. And why not? Plato, in the Academy, had a charming vision of an ideal Republic, and why should not VANITY have had his school-day dream? The great hen-pecked Philosopher recognised in astronomy a sort of visible music, and VANITY thought he was so especially favored by the Gods as to hear grand melodies breathing from the National Constellation. That dream is o'er, it lulls no more, VANITY is now wide awake, sees his mistake, and despondingly repeats the interrogatory, what is the "Music of the Union?"

Alas, such dismal din of discord, from every quarter, assails our tortured auricles, that we are desperately inclined to pile up a few bales of cotton in the "porches of our ears," by way of defence against the sounds of Pandemonum. Indeed VANITY is very much disposed to listen to the aforesaid Music, just now, with something of the peculiar affection with which HORSPUR regarded "mincing poetry," and would

"Rather hear a brazen canstick turned,
On a dry wheel grate or an axle-tree."

Though the allusion to the turning of candlesticks, is rather obsolete in this luminous age of gas, the latter comparison is decidedly apt. What is more strikingly like the present condition of the Union than an old rickety cart, with one wheel dragging, in unrevolving helplessness, through the mud, and the others creaking sharp discords, and screaching out such rising inflections as the Editor of the *Herald*, or any other Scotchman, may be supposed to delight in. (Was the "one-hoss-shay" intended as a political parable for the twins? was it, prophetic, Professor? If not, what *is* the fun of it?)

From the Cutin' states we hear the discordant sound of the drum "parading round and round and round," drumming out the wry-necked fife," (qu: s?) not with the rogue's march, but all the horses of war, and drumming up recruits to cover the retreat. That ain't the "music of the Union," which is as soft as lover's lutes in times of gentle peace, and only when the blast of foreign war resounds, does it

"Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage."

From the North we have the lingering echoes of Sectionalism, the muttered menaces of coërcion, threatening to "scourge the bad, revolting stars;" everywhere the insane babblings of scurvy Politicians; the ear-piercing ravings of Treason; the conjectures of reluctantly yielding Hope; the wailings of patriot despair—Is this the "Music of the Union?"

Oh, for one strong burst of the *vox populi*, not in the smothered and muffled tones of political clamor, but in the clear and ringing accents of the *vox Dei!* This would be the voice of redemption, the glad token of national life and regeneration, the true "Music of the Union!"

Oh Dear!

It is stated by the London correspondent of a New Orleans paper that there is "some talk in England of permitting the Prince of Wales to break through the line of blood royal marriages, and seek a lady to share the throne with him, wherever he lists."

To such items as the above, we do not usually devote more than an hour or two of our valuable attention; but in the present critical state of this great Republic, we have thought it our duty to throw ourselves into the mental void created by the above statement, and ascertain the possibility of Truth being at the bottom of the shaft. Our industry has been rewarded by the following piece of collateral information, gleaned from a western source.

"An extensive dealer in Chicago has received an order for several dozen prairie chickens and a Deer, to be forwarded to England for the Prince of Wales.

For those who are versed in the *delicatesse* of diplomatic phraseology, no comment upon the above is necessary. For those who are not, explanations would be inadequate. Let us await in silence the progress of events, trusting that our relations with England may never be Hampered by anything worse than a basket of tender pullets and a Deer.

Typographical.

GARIBALDI has Italicised human Freedom, put a stop to tyranny, and justified his cause before the world.

Appropriate Hymn of Rejoicing for the Capture of Pekin.

A Tea-Deum.

* "O, que je vous aim des petits glous-glou."

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER II.

Everybody knows that Bleecker-street, between Broadway and Thompson, is an asylum for patriots. All the boarding-houses there (and there are hardly any other kind in that charming locality) swarm with dark, stern men, men with lustrous eyes, heavily moustached men, men with very small shiny patent-leather boots. Men carrying a settled melancholy, and as a general thing, a slender yellow cane with an ivory leg, dog's head, or doubled fist, for a top to it. Men who never get out of their gloves, and for all purposes of human vision, might just as well have been born in them. Men who are perpetually wrapping little flat scales of tobacco into inconceivably small strips of tissue paper, and performing wonderful feats of necromancy by lighting them, and keeping them burning for one minute and a half, without singing their beards, all this transaction taking place under the idea that it is a comfortable smoke. Men who wear massive jewelry, and waistcoats of a flowered but somewhat sombre pattern. Men in fine, who have vast estates on the Island of Cuba, which yield a larger income than they would know what to do with, if they could only lay their hands on it, which they can't. It may be set down as an established principle in the science of human nature, that when a gentleman is unfortunate in the West Indies he always takes to Bleecker-street as the next best thing.

There is a tall brick house in Bleecker-street—I don't care to indicate the locality more precisely than to say that it's somewhere between Broadway and Thompson, which affords an asylum, to put the figure moderately, for at least half a hundred of these distressed, yet unextinguished patriots. A high flight of steps which may have been originally marble, but at present, from the effects of age, feet, and weather, seems rather the product of some builder who had large quantities of soap-stone at his disposal, ascend to the entrance, flanked on either side by balustrades of iron, bursting into every variety of ingenious efflorence. Big black lilies, spiked trumpet vines, honey-suckles, cabbage roses—all conveying the idea that some ingenious botanist has been sowing ten-penny nails in a stone-soil and been rewarded by an elaborate harvest of railing. Having climbed these steps, you stand in a deep archway with a very prominent key-stone to it, sculptured in imitation of some mythological head or other, and a door before you, whose color, probably from the benign desire of suggesting tropical associations to the exiles who may own night-keys to it, is a subdued and streaky lemon. But conspicuous above all other adornments of the edifice is a very large composition-metal door-plate, from which confronts you, in correspondingly obvious letters, the name of MRS. MCCROWDER.

At nine o'clock P. M. of the same day on which Mr. PRIMPENNY senior promised his son an establishment, the latter gentleman ascended the steps of MRS. MCCROWDER'S and tugged at the bell-pull. There is nothing remarkable in this action which gives it historic value, but for the fact that one tug at MRS. MCCROWDER'S bell was merely a formal preliminary for two others, it being a peculiar advantage of that commodious establishment that no person seeking admission was allowed to enter rashly, but that he should always have abundance of time to consider whether he really wanted to get in from proper motives, and might not after all spend his time better in going somewhere else. In the present instance STUYVESANT was determined, and accordingly, after two tugs more, the lemon-colored door opened briskly, and disclosed a huge shock of red hair, a big twinkling freckled face, and a measureless expanse of soiled cotton apron.

"Bliss me sowl!" exclaimed the apparition. "An it's yerself Misther PRIMPENNY! If I'd knowd it was you, I'd have let thim knives I was clanin' go to the divil, but I niver heard yer ring till the last time. An' I suppose it's Mr. MUFFLES ye'll be seein?"

"Yes, TEAGUE, you villain—it *is* Mr. MUFFLES. Is he in?"

"No, sir—he's in Jersey for the night," replied TEAGUE FLYNN, in an ostentatiously loud tone—then went through a series of winks and gestures directed over his shoulder to the back stair-case, and sunk his voice to a whisper at Mr. PRIMPENNY'S ear, "an that's a lie, too, bad luck to it—but I hear the ould woman in the basement entry, and Mr. MUFFLES don't want her to know he's in." TEAGUE again resorted to pantomime, and drew quite an intelligible picture of the act known as presenting a board-bill, followed by another equally characteristic, which consisted of turning his empty pocket inside out.

"Well," replied STUYVESANT, loudly, with an appreciative nod, "Give my respects to Mr MUFFLES, when he returns, and tell him I'm very sorry not to find him in."

The young man slipped a quarter into TEAGUE'S hand. That admirable domestic demonstratively slammed the front door, and made a great deal of unnecessary noise with his heels, while STUYVESANT, under cover of its deception, stole softly up the stairs.

To reach Mr. MUFFLES, much effort was necessary even under those favorable circumstances of pecuniary accountability, which enabled him to keep his door open. His abode was a top-layer over several strata of Cuban patriots—being the fourth story back room. He was accessible therefore, only by ascending through at least four different boarding-house atmospheres. The first, that boiled atmosphere which always lingers in the lowest entry of such localities, and consists of one part oxygen, to four parts of immemorial beef-soup. The second a bath-room atmosphere, compounded of soap, steam and volatilized Croton fixtures. The third a dense, beddy atmosphere, as of compact and insufficiently aired families. The fourth, tobacco-smoke struggling with odors of laid-away trunks, old furniture, beams, plaster, and the combination of elements which compose the garrety atmosphere generally. Through all these successive layers of atmosphere there ran at MR. CROWDER'S an additional flavor of onions. Around this the others were harmoniously constructed—as Linda is built around the air, "*Ah Consolarm!*" This vegetable element Mr. MUFFLES delighted in calling "that favorite little Spanish air, you know!"

When Mr. PRIMPENNY reached the fourth story back, he found it both dark and inaudible. There was not even a ray glimmering through the keyhole. But he put his mouth to that aperture and whispered his name. After which a rustling arose within, and the door presently opening, Mr. MUFFLES appeared.

"Come in quick, old boy!" said Mr. MUFFLES. "I've gone into secret session on the financial difficulties of the country, and we'll lock the door if you please." Mr. PRIMPENNY obeyed—and Mr. MUFFLES turned the key. After which he took it out and hung a towel over the knob.

"This is a sweet state of things, I must confess!" said Mr. PRIMPENNY. "If you were hard up why didn't you come and borrow the money for your board-bill of me?"

"Couldn't think of such a thing! Never borrow money for my amusements. Now paying MRS. MCCROWDER just at this present

period would be an amusement. In fact when we consider the quality of the article she gives, I think that paying her on the nail would be about the amusingest little thing I could do. If I'd been out of cigars—or wanted a new coat—or was distressed for any other of the necessaries of life, why I'd have come to you. Rely on me, old boy! You'll find me a friend in every time of need—mine or your own."

And Mr. MUFFLES struck a dramatic attitude of greatly magnanimous expression.

"Why MUFFLES, I thought you liked Mrs. McCROWDER's!" continued Mr. PRIMPENNY, helping himself to a seat on the iron bedstead which furnished the apartment, assisted by three cane-bottomed chairs, boasting ten legs and more or less incapacitated backs between them; a wash-stand kept from bringing still further grief to its broken crockery by a WEBSTER's Dictionary set on end to prop its lower shelf, a cherry table, dusted the day the new chambermaid came, as a perfidious stimulus to the belief that she meant to keep on doing it; a walnut-stained bureau, whose drawers invariably pulled zig-zag and then wedged tight; a cheval glass, calculated for interesting optical experiments, by the fact that wherever the foil still stuck on, it gave the looker just three times the longitudinal amount of jaw donated by nature; and a book-rack slung to the wall by green cords, containing light literature, two Schiedam Schnapp bottles, an odd volume of STORY on the Constitution, a spirit-lamp, a pair of boxing-gloves, a lot of loose manuscript, and a broken fiddle.

"Like Mrs. McCROWDER's?" replied Mr. MUFFLES, solemnly; "I *do* like Mrs. McCROWDER's! I adore the place! I cherish the woman! Mrs. McCROWDER's is a school of philosophy! Mrs. McCROWDER's is a college—an academe! *Life* is to be seen at Mrs. McCROWDER's! Not the luxurious side of life, as perhaps you may have gathered from glances around this humble appartment. That side of life is to be studied on Broadway or the Boulvards. This is the Cheapside of life."

"It's more like the Seven Dials or Grub-street," said Mr PRIMPENNY, sarcastically, shrugging his shoulders as he looked about the room.

"Five dollars a week for life, as seen here in its most remarkable phase—feed, lodging, fuel and gas thrown in. The Spanish animal—the Landlady animal—the Irish waiter, the Dutch chambermaid—the Patriot—every variety of unusual creature is here to be studied in its haunts and habits. That's worth five dollars per week, decidedly! Now supposing the father of a family should come to me and say, 'MUFFLES, I feel a responsibility for the development of my children, where can I get their eye-teeth cut?' Laying my hand on my bosom, I would reply, 'Mrs. McCROWDER's! Mrs. McCROWDER is herself an embodiment of sound practical wisdom—wisdom as taught in all ages by the vehicle of the adage. Take this proverb for instance, 'Go farther and fare worse'—Mrs. McCROWDER is a living illustration! She makes her butcher's meat do the first, her boarders the second, to a degree attained by no other professional in New York!"

"Be serious for a minute, MUFFLES, for I've come to consult with you. At last the Governor's consented to give me an establishment. I want your advice as to the style of thing you'd have."

"Trotting waggon, I should say; wheels red, picked out in yellow, span of dark bays, tiger, and c——"

"Bah! I mean a house—a bachelor establishment."

Mr. MUFFLES jumped to his feet, in the excitement of the moment breaking the last reliable chair-back in the room.

"A house of your own?" he exclaimed. "I'll go and board with you!"

"No you won't! not in the ordinary sense. You shall live with me if you choose, and I'll be jolly glad to have you. But no bills to dodge, no shutting yourself up in the garret, you know! You are my bosomest friend, old MUFF, and I have the greatest confidence in your opinion. Now I want your idea in regard to the house. What sort of a house should it be? Where would you take it? How would you keep it? Would you have a housekeeper—or a respectable family to look after things—or only a man-servant, and an old woman to sweep and dust, while you fed at the club? Just give us your idea of a house, MUFFLES!"

"You want a real model, do you? Well—take this house for instance"—answered Mr. MUFFLES with the bitterly sarcastic air as a wronged man, who could not unhitch his mind from the subject on which it was sorest—"*This* is the pattern house to live in. We have all the modern improvements here. Not only the usual appliances of vulgar luxury, but a good many with which Civilization up-town hasn't kept pace. Look at our Croton. It's none of your common Crotons! It's arranged on the principle of ingenious little surprises which stimulate the mind to cheerfulness. You want hot water? An ordinary intellect naturally thinks of the hot cock and turns it. What do you get? *Cold* water! That's a peculiarly nice astonishment, when you're taking a bath in winter, you know. Or do you want cold water? By the same pleasant system, hot water runs at the cold cock. To prevent monotony, the surprise is once in a while agreeably varied by both cocks' running cold and hot mixed. If you want a drink that's the agreeablest of all the surprises. It illustrates the principle of copartnership, and it's an excellent emetic beside. I don't know but our bell-pulls are a prettier attraction than our Croton. Gentlemen who hope some day to have a home of their own, and want to acquire the accomplishment of ringing for things, can practise on them, as a child learns music on a dumb piano, without disturbing anybody in the house. I rang for TEAGUE the other day fifteen times by count, and he raged if Mrs. McCROWDER made the slightest objection! Speaking of TEAGUE suggests another of our improvements. All the servants but him are German. This is vastly conducive to morality, for the boarders, with my exception, are all Spanish, and when they swear at a girl who brings up coals an hour after they've sent her for ham-sandwiches, why she can't understand 'em you see. This is a kind of a house to have! Here's your model—Mrs. McCROWDER's!"

How much longer the mildly ironical MUFFLES would have continued his eulogy it is impossible now to ascertain. For just at this juncture a solid tramp as of armed battalions was heard on the stair-case below and the roar of foreign voices mingled with it like the sound of many waters. It appeared at that instant to Mr. PRIMPENNY that at least a hundred people, in a state bordering on insanity, had met in the entry for mutual assassination. From a Spanish tour which lasted three days, during the period of his abandoned youth Mr. PRIMPENNY had acquired enough familiarity with CASTILIAN to conclude that the dialect in which the crowd were making their noise was Spanish—but *such* a noise he had never heard in Spanish, or any other tongue.

"Good Heavens, MUFFLES," he exclaimed turning very pale, "what can they be fighting about?"

"It isn't a fight," said MUFFLES, "it's only a Junta."

"What's a 'Hoonta'?"

"It's an amicable assembly of Spanish gentlemen, who meet once a week to declare their eternal hatred to despots—smoke cigarettes—drink maraschino—free Cuba—and go home with the girls in the morning. Cuba stays freed just a week, then the Spanish gentlemen come and do it again. They're going to do it now. They feel very bad till they get the hatred to despots off their minds, and that's the reason they talk so loud. When that's over they'll feel better and consider that they've done their duty to their country. There's another feature of Mrs. McCROWDER's! Periodical patriotism! Very funny it is too. The Junta meets in the room just under us. Keep quiet and you will hear it through the floor."

By this time the infuriated crowd of friendly patriots had locked themselves in the room below—and a comparative lull ensued, during which they appeared to be taking their seats. Then a sepulchral base voice said something unintelligible to American ears with a ceiling in their way—which was followed by a tumultuous burst of bravos and hand-clapping. At this instant the gas in Mr. MUFFLE's burner began dwindling to a small blue cone. Then it shot higher in a broad yellow blaze—and finally, after sending forth a series of very pretty multi-colored sparkles, quietly went out altogether.

"D—n that gas!" exclaimed Mr. MUFFLES, "there's another feature of Mrs. McCROWDER's! That's the fifth time this week.

Perhaps this pyrotechnic display, common to boarding-house gas-fixtures, owes somewhat of its attraction to novelty. It is to be expected that after it has run for five successive evenings, unscientific minds will find it monotonous and call for some other entertainment less purely philosophical. In accordance with these views, the gas had hardly concluded its final disappearance when the gentlemen of the Junta were heard rushing to the top of the stairs, and emitting sounds which persons the least versed in polite Spanish would scarcely have interpreted as applause.

"PRIMPENNY!" exclaimed MUFFLES, jumping up and seizing his friend by the arm. "Let's run down stairs just a minute. It's a good chance now to see life! All the Junta's in the entry, and when a Junta's mad there's no fun like it. All the hatred they've been bottling up the last week for despots has burst out on the gas! Quick as you can! Come along!"

(*To be continued.*)

Red Precipitate.

South Carolina.

What Major Anderson's "Fort" is.

Fort Sumpter.

ARTEMUS WARD

ON HIS TRAVELS.

LETTER V.

ONTO THE WING, DEC. 1860.

Gents of the Editoral Corpse of Vanity Fair:—

Since I last rit you I've met with immense success a showin my show in varis places, particly at Detroit. I put up at Mr. RUSSEL's tavern, a very good tavern too, but I am sorry to inform you that the clerks tried to cum a Gouge Game on me. I brandished my new sixteen dollar huntin-cased watch round considerble, & as I was dresst in my store clothes & had a lot of sweet-scented wagon-grease on my hair, I am free to confess that I thought I lookt putty gay. It never once struck me that I lookt green. But up steps a clerk & axes me hadn't I better put my watch in the Safe. "Sir," sez I, "that watch cost sixteen dollars! Yes Sir, every dollar of it! You can't cum it over me, my boy! Not at all, Sir." I know'd what the clerk wanted. He wanted that watch himself. He wanted to make believe as tho he lockt it up in the safe, then he would set the house a fire and pretend as tho the watch was destroyed with the other property! But he caught a Tomarter when he got hold of me. From Detroit I go West'ard hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a green-cotton umbreller in one hand and a handful of Reform tracks in the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears, didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, addressin the peple in the cars. "Is it to stay to home & darn stockins & be the ser-*lave* of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?" Sayin which ths eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it.

"I hav no objecshuns to your goin into the Spear bizniss," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin, if you please." She sot down.

At Ann Arbor, bein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale-faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, & sed, "Look not upon the wine when it is red!"

Sez I, "This ain't wine. This is Old Rye."

"*It stingeth like a Adder and biteth like a Sarpent!*" sed the man.

"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar in it. That's the way I allers take mine."

"Hav you sons grown up, Sir?" the man axed.

"Wall," I replide, as I put myself outside my beverage, "my son ARTEMUS junior is goin on 18."

"Ain't you afraid if you set this example be4 him, he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoemakin bizness," I replied. "I guess we can both on us git along without your assistance, Sir," I obsarved, as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world!" sed the man.

"That's so. But you'll git into a warmer one by and by, if you don't mind your own bizniss better." I was a little riled at the feller because I never take anythin only when I really need it. I arterwards learned he was a temperance lecturer, and if he can injuce men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightful licker which is retailed round the country, I shall hartily rejoice. Better giv men Prusick Assid to onct, than to pizen 'em to deth by degrees.

At Albion I met with overwhelmin success. The celebrated Albion Female Semenary is located here, & there air over 300 young ladies in the Institushun pretty enuff to eat without seasonin or sass. The young ladies was very kind to me, volunteerin to pin my handbills onto the backs of their dresses. It was a surblime site to see over 300 young ladies goin round with a advertisement of A. WARD's onparaleld show, conspickusly posted onto their dresses.

They've got a Panick up this way and refooze to take Western money. It never was worth much, and when western men, who know what it is, refooze to take their own money it is about time other folks stopt handlin it. Banks are bustin every day, goin up higher nor any balloon of which we hav any record. These western bankers air a sweet & luvly set of men. I wish I owned as good a house as some of 'em would break into!

Virtoo is its own reward.

A. WARD

THE PUGS OF MERRY ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF 'EM.

The Pugs of merry England, what happy dogs be they!
Examples rare, I'm safe to swear, of Dogs as has their day:
And if, in making this remark, you think I'm a cove as chaffs,
I'll clinch my boast from the Lon'on *Post*, with a couple of paragraphs.

The first it tells of a fancy-fair in Brummagen's button-eyed town,
A nobby show of the fullest blow, for elegance and renown:
But of all the beauty that there did duty, none fetched anythink, we're told,
Like the figure snug forked out for a Pug—a thousand guineas in gold.

The second it tells of the two-legged Pug that snarls for old England,
TOM SAYERS tough who acknowledged good stuff when he shook the Benicia Boy's hand.
Two thousand eight-hundred and fourteen guineas for him has been raised about.
Which it's fourteen hundred and seventy dollars, unless my figures is out.

So here's to beer-washed England (which she's likeways washed by the sea,)
Where it's made a duty that things of beauty for ever a joy do be,
Where the man and the dog, in sweet dialogue, each unto t'other can say—
"O! the Pugs of merry England, what blessed times have they!"

The Landlady's Mot.

X. and the Landlady protest against the modern fashion of miscalling things.

"Why do you say a man is 'ripe for heaven,'" asked X. of the Spiritualist, "when you mean he is dead?"

"There is no death," replied the Spiritualist; "what you call death is the beginning of life, when one is really ripe for heaven."

"Yes," added the Landlady; "Dead-ripe!

The Health of the President.

December 27th—*Fort mal!*

MR. LINCOLN HAS SPOKEN.

RESPONSES in church ought to be slow and dignified. Or in Politics. In response to the persuasive calls of the N. Y. *Herald*, and moved by the convincing logic thereof, Mr. LINCOLN has responded He *has spoke* and forwarded to VANITY FAIR proof-sheets of his words, copies of which will be sent to every paper in the United States, and likewise to South Carolina.

Speech delivered on the roof of the State House in Springfield, Illinois, on a moonlight night, viz., New Year's Eve, 1860.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—From my exalted position I see stars. Yes I do. But I feel a little dizzy. 'My head swims when I drink a little whiskey.' Elevation is twofold, yea threefold; that produced by getting "high," by going up high, and being raised high above ye fellows. Excuse me, gentlemen, for calling you *fellers*. I mean feller citizens. You are felloes in the wheel of our glorious industrial wheel, the trade and commerce of this country. One spoke is rattling like thunder now down South, but I guess we'll get that fixed by-and-by.

"Fellow citizens, I appear before you to-night in consequence of the urgent calls made upon me by that whole-souled BENIT (his name means blessed you know—*benit* is French.) Gentlemen, I respect Mr. B., and commit every copy of his paper to memory. His words are engraven upon my shoulder-blades like the marks of the descending thong upon his. How could I refuse to speak when so called upon? Gentlemen, *I am* speaking. Now what do you want me to say? I suppose you want to know about my Cabinet, my policy, my appointments, my administration, &c., in advance. I will tell you. (At this stage the most intense silence prevailed. You could have heard a needle stick into a pin-cushion. A shooting star, a million miles off, exploded; everybody heard it.) I mean to have Cabinet pictures in my house, the best I can get, and Cabinet champaigne, the best that I can buy, and any other necessary Cabinet that may be required.

"As to my policy, or policies—for I shall have several—I will have my two Life policies in two good companies for $5000, each in favor of Mrs. ABE. Insurance policies upon my personal property in several staunch associations. Lottery policies I am opposed to. The best policy, Honesty, I am in favor of.

"How as to my 'appointments,' like my 'habit they will be costly as my purse can buy, though not expressed in fancy.' Mr. GREELEY I shall not employ for my tailor. As to my 'administration,' I shall spank my children, and kiss my wife, and go to meeting as often as I please, and I shall pay all my bills as I go along, and exhort everybody else to do the same.

"As to my 'and so forth,' that is nobody's business, and you need not ask me about it.

"Now, fellow citizens, I trust that you are satisfied with my exposition of my principles. I have defined my position. But if you don't understand fully, look up and see where I am.

"Fellow citizens, good night."

(Exit ABRAHAM through the scuttle.)

The vast audience slowly dispersed, pondering in their hearts the words of mighty wisdom that they had just heard. Prior to their separation they gave H. A. L. nine hundred and ninety-nine hearty cheers.

Anderson's fine cut.

Cutting from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumpter.

BOOLE AMONG THE BOOKS!

Is SAUL among the Prophets?

VANITY FAIR has had occasion to ask this question once before, but in reference to a different subject. The question paraphrased to our taste in this article would read: "Is BOOLE also among the Literati?" "Have yellow kids playfully skipped over the hitherto awful barrier placed between them and the domains of the publisher? and do they now gambol undisturbed, amid the flowers of Romance and Poetry?"

Else, what means this which we saw in an advertisement the other day?

"BOOLE'S FINITE DIFFERENCES. MACMILLAN & SONS, Cambridge, 1860, 1 vol. 12mo. Price $1.00."

Oh BOOLE! BONNER where art thou? Hast thou fled, O mighty man, to some sequestered nook? Dost thou hide thyself there at the sound of this awful trump? Has VANITY again been fated to discover this rose blooming in the desert, and to bring it to the notice of the world? BOOLE!

So it seems.

Now, BOOLE writes a book. (Supposing this to be *the* BOOLE) BOOLE'S Finite Differences,—BOOLE'S Differences. Yes, we are aware that BOOLE has had "a many" differences in this life. For instance, a difference with the policemen of New York, regarding certain moneys; a difference with the Mayor, a lot of differences with Gentlemen—especially in the matter of yellow kids; and a continual difference with VANITY FAIR on the hackneyed subjects of Honesty and Truth. Truly, if any man is capable of writing on the subject of "Differences" it is BOOLE. But if he *did* write this work, VANITY, with all humility and reverence, submits that, in view of the number of subdivisions of the subject mentioned above, the title of the work should be In-Finite Differences.

A LOVER'S LETTER.

BY P. GAMS.

Write to me often, love
Tell me of every changing thought,
In soft drawn shades with pleasing imagery,
And seal the words in sentences heart-wrought,
So they will to my heart most fondly fly,
And nestle there
Under the wing of prayer.

Write to me often, love
Joy of my life, thou should'st not deem
Thy lightest zephyr-wish beyond my yearning care,
I gladly hear if but a vanishing dream,
Because my love hath dreamed it—ANABEL fair,
Where'er I rove,
Write to me often, love.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

Don't ask for money, dear—
I can't allow it, really now I can't;
You *must* be thoughtful; this my summer tour
Is costing like —— don't speak of *every* want,
It's no strange news,
If TOMMY does need shoes.

Perhaps you'd best not write—
For I am changing places every day;
I'm sorry MARY'S sick—but can't you dye
The silk you've got?—good patience! lonesome! you
With all those children round you? well, if I
Can come I will—
But don't expect me, I'll I do!

Profound Thoughts.

A monk is the worst kind of person to entrust with a secret, because no consideration can prevent him from Telling his beads.

Query by a Philologist.

Is it not a little paradoxical, that the most common Indian Meal is Game and Whiskey?

A Sweet Style of Thing.

Why is Mr. HAYES'S scenery, in the new piece at the Winter Garden, like a loud snore! Because it is a Sleepy Holler!

A DESIRABLE BOARDER!

Omnivorous Frenchman.—"YOU LET ZE LODGING AND ZE BOARD?—VELL, I HAVE NEVARE NO MONNAIE, BUT I AM ONE POLYPHLOSBOYISTE—MAKE MUSEEK OUT OF EVERYTING ZAT IS—AND I VILL PAY MY BOARD BY TEACH YOUR DAUGHTER TO TING-TING ON ZE GUITARRE, YOUR SONS TO BLOW UPON ZE TRUMPETS AND ZE HORNS, AND YOUR SMALL SHEELDRENS TO GO RUB-A-DUB AND TEETLE-TEE UPON ZEE DRUM, ZE TAMBOURINE, AND ZE TRIANGLE!"

Jockey of Norfolk, be not too Bold.

The classical remark of JOHN TYLER JR., at Norfolk, recently, viz: "Let the Union go to H——l," reminds us very forcibly of MAWWORM'S Exit speech in the "Hypocrite," when bowing Old Lady LAMBERT off, he turns to the company with the remark, "You are all going to the Devil! Come Madam, you go first." This would make it very bad for Madam Virginia.

Our Regiment.

The gallant Seventh intend giving a grand Concert at the Academy, on the Twelfth. When we hear the drum Roll played by their Band, we shall think of the Banderole, which ensigns were wont to bear and put up a F. P——fervid prayer, you know—that their pennon may never flag in battle.

Our Stuttering Contributor

Upon reading in the veracious *Herald*, that J. B. was afraid of being assassinated, remarked, it wouldn't be "the first time in J. B.'s administration that there had been an Ass-Ass in the White House."

By our Disgusted-with-Things Contributor.

Waiter in Delmonico's to no Party man—"Take Coffee Sir?"

No Party man—"No, I won't take Office, sir. Not under Nobody. I'd swallow pizon things first.

A Fixed Salary.

Your own, when you can't raise it.

Motto for the Historiographer of Storm.

Memento MAURY.

WEBSTER'S STATUE.

BOSTON, DEC. 24, 1860.

DEAR VANITY FAIR:—You remember that a year since my old chum, EDWARD—Mr. BONNER'S EDWARD—outdid DEMOSTHENES at the inauguration of the WEBSTER Statue in the village of Boston. You will remember, farther, that at the close of this oration EDWARD made an announcement of a very serious character. He announced that, should anybody in these United States go to seceding, or cutting any cognate capers, the said statue was going to get down immediately from off its pedestal, stalk about Boston Common, and holla, "Liberty and Union." Being of a skeptical turn of mind, I was unable to credit the statement at the time. I told EDWARD so when, as usual, he read me his manuscript in advance of its public recital. "EDWARD," said I, impressively, "that statue will do no such thing."

He looked at me with surprise.

"There's no machinery inside it?" I enquired.

"Oh no," he exclaimed, in a tone of as much disgust as his great politeness permitted him to express

"Then," I rejoined, "It won't stir a step, nor make a squeak as loud as a mouse's, not even if the Governor of Massachusetts should appoint a day of fasting and prayer for the express purpose of operating it. You think it will, I know; else you wouldn't say so. You are quite superior to mere trumpery rhetoric. *But that statue won't stir.* I wish it would! It might then take the opportunity to escape out of those hideous trowsers. Or it might even flee from its general ugliness, into the depths of the sea.

Here EDWARD looked grave. "Mr. WEBSTER'S statue," said he solemnly, "would never commit suicide."

Upon this a bright thought struck me. "Would Mr. WEBSTER'S statue act contrary to precedent," I asked with a tone of triumph. "And would not the conduct you prognosticate, be wholly unprecedented in a statue? Surely it would. Surely it is what no statue of a constitutional lawyer, and conservative statesman, could meditate doing for a moment. It would be a radical movement. It would be an inexcusable innovation upon all custom of statues."

I closed, thinking my statement unanswerable. But I was mistaken. "Me dear SCARRY," here his voice faltered, and he was compelled to put his handkerchief to his eyes, which he did very elegantly. After a time he recovered. "Me dear SCARRY," said he resuming, "pardon me emotion, and pardon me extreme brevity and bluntness in saying that, had you possessed those inestimable opportunities for forming a correct judgment upon this momentous question, which it has been me happy and honored priveledge to enjoy, you might probably, or possibly arrive at an opinion different from that you now express. I have ventured upon the prediction. I am indeed a bold man, a daring man, taking council only of truth and me own heart, and making a straight path always: in the face of me public career, so much cannot be denied. But though bold, I am not inconsiderate. And knowing well that should this announcement ever be falsified, I could never encounter the eyes of me fellow citizens, but, flying in shame, must pass the brief and mournful remainder of me days in the deepest recesses of Mammoth Cave, I should surely refrain from making it, were I not *certain* of its being justified by the event."

So he spoke and was silent. Well, secession has come. And now will the announcement of my dear EDWARD be falsified? Will he be conpelled to go into that gloomy exile? These are the questions I ask continually. I seize upon the newspapers day after day, to learn whether said statue has moved or spoken; but the provoking things never allude to the subject. Dear V. F., you know everything. You don't let everybody know how much you know, because everybody would be rushing to you to recover his missing silver spoons. But, *entre nous*, you do know everything, neverthe'ess. Tell me, therefore, (in strict confidence) *has* that statue succeeded in moving its trowsers? *Have* the "bronze lips" hollaed? And if not, *will* they holla?

Yours anxiously,

ISCARIOT PETERS.

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STUNNING.

OUR FRIEND APPLESAS, WHO HAS HEARD OF "ALLIGATOR BOOTS," GETS UP WHAT HE CONCEIVES TO BE ABOUT THE THING, TO THE TERROR OF BOOT-BLACK BOYS IN THE PARK.

Letting Him Down Easy.

Good, simple old souls, like the *Boston Recorder*, have a charming way of letting a friend down easy, when they think he has been going it a little too fast, but don't like to tell him so, plump. There is an article in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "A Visit to the Asylum of Aged and Decayed Punsters," which bears about it strong evidence of "The Professor" having been around when it was written. The *Boston Recorder*, in giving the table of contents of the *Atlantic*, calls this "A Visit to the Asylum of Aged and Decayed Ministers," thus bringing the author into the field in which JOHN HOWARD and ELIZABETH FRY ran their respective races, and placing him in the light of a person who would rather be stuck with a pin than with a pun. But the *Recorder* is wily, too; and we are half inclined to think that he compounded with his conscience by "accidentally" mistaking the title of the fleshly article referred to, so that he might devour it on the spot—in which case we forgive him.

Metallurgic!

Irony at the Bar—Bar-iron-y.
In the Senate—Flat-iron-y.
In the House—Pig-iron-y.
In Thackeray—Sad-iron-y.
In *Punch*—Wrought-iron-y.
In VANITY FAIR—Rail-iron-y.

Unseasonable.

Why is a Mosquito like a Railroad? Because it fastens upon sleepers, and takes heavy draughts over them.

How to Calm the Carolinas.

Carry liners of war to Charleston.

FROM THE HUB.

A WAY DOWN EAST, Dec. 24th.

Mr. Vanity Fair, Esq.:

DERE SUR:—As I was a reedin the *Herald* (N. Y.) wich paper is like the *Farmer Allmanack* meaning just contrairy of wot it sais, I cum acrost the doins of the "South Carolina Convention," in said doins was found the annext paragraff

PRIVILEGES OF THE FLOOR.

Mr. KEITT—I now move that a committee of three be appointed to invite the Hon. HOWELL COBB, of Georgia, to take a seat on the floor. (Applause.)

The question being put it was decided in the affirmative.

The idee! Now I think if anybody inwited me to take a seet on the flor I'd fust look reound and see if I coodent find a milkin steul or a pale that I mite repossit my febel lims upon, before I accepted there kind inwitation.

I'm afeerd some of them S. C's. (South Carolinians, You Know, Eds.) will hev to come to Bosting to learn maners afore they start there own apple stand, Hopin there education may not be neglected in future,

I am Yours to Command,

ETTIKETTE.

P. S. Arfter readin the above paragraff 12 Times more I hev cum to the conclusion that the Hon. HOWELL COB was so corned he coudent stand up and hense the moshun to give him a seet on the flor.

So the S. C's. was perlite arfter all. E.

There's a Lower Depth.

"DAVID STUART, of Chicago, has commenced a suit for slander against Mr. BURCH for personal damages in the sum of $100,000; another party claims $50,000. Mr. BURCH seems to be universally execrated. Report says that the Marine Bank threw out his checks the other day. All sorts of indignities are offered to him."

BURCH is down pretty low—that's a fact—about as nastily low as humanity can well crawl. He stands before the world a coward, a vile oppressor of his wife, a husband leading his spouse into temptation that he might cheat her out of her property, and above all this, a canting Puritanical rascal snuffling about her soul—her precious lost soul—lost by his abominable villainy! Pretty low. But then BURCH might have been a New York Alderman, You Know, and Then he'd have got up Somewhere in Public and chuckled and boasted of it all, and called himself One of the Divorce Boys! Wouldn't that have been Funny?

Howell Cobb.

The scorn of every manly, honest heart,
The proud contempt of Woman, leal and true,
Rest on thee ever, Traitor to thy trust.
Thou Parricide of Statesmen! Parthian knave!
Who, in thy flight sent back a venomous shaft
To wound thy Country deeper: Treason's King,
Worthy to wear for ever on thy brows
The Coronal of Infamy and Shame:
Are there no Men in that broad land of thine
Fired by Patriots—baptized by the fire
Through which our Country's Martyrs nobly passed,
To brand thee as the ARNOLD of thy time?
If not, 'tis well that from our starry host,
Her glory and her shame should trail to Chaos.

W. A. S.

By Our Doctor.

Why are the bones in a man's leg like the Union? Because united we stand, divided we fall.

A GOOD BOY.

COLUMBIA.—Never mind, Bobby Anderson, if your Father don't like what you've done, I do, and I'll see that you are not sent back.